THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

An old friend, who lately paid a visit to the city, lodged at my house. The following copy of a letter, which he wrote to his wife, will shew the effect produced on his mind by the fashions of the town. Twenty years have elapsed, since his former visit, and the surprise which he exhibits, in his epistle, is to be attributed rather to the novelty of the scenes, to his eye, than to any thing strange or unusual in the fashions themselves. I publish the letter without any aterations. I was amused with it, when he read it to me, and asked a copy, which he granted without suspecting the fate for which it was destined.

W. S.

MY DEAR,

I wrote you, by neighbour Jones, the day after I come here, and can't help writing again, to tell you all about the strange things which I saw. I live with our old friend, Mr. S——, who is very kind and civil to me, and so is Master Billy, and Miss Juley. Nothing, in Philadelphia, is like what it is in the country. I will tell you some of the strange things I saw, and you can read my letter to the children at night, and, may be, it will make Debby laugh.

I went with Mr. S. tother night, to the play-house, and was right well pleased. But I could'nt look much at the people that was playing, for every thing, about me, was so strange and queer. It was a very cold night, and I was wrapt up in my great coat, and yet did'nt feel too warm neither, and so I guess it was with the young gentlemen that was there, for they all had on a desperate big coat, with a dozen capes, and yet they did'nt look neither as if they were too hot, for they all looked so pale, that they must have been cold, I guess. But the fine ladies, I declare, seemed as if they had no clothes on at all, and yet their faces looked as red as if they had been making hay in August. I can't tell what it is makes the ladies stand the cold better than the gentlemen, for its so in the street too. They wear nothing on their necks, nor their arms neither, which look, for all the world, like our Debby's when she is at her washing tub in summer time.

You know, my dear, how it most makes you blind, in winter, to look on the snow, when the sun's a shining, and its just so in the play-house, for its so terrible light there, that I don't wonder at all the people get near-sighted by going there, so they most all, or at least all the fine folks, have little spy-glasses, they hold up to their eyes, and what's proper queer, you must'nt look through them spy-glasses towards the thing you want to see, for then you wont see it at all. But when you want to see the players, you must look through them spy-glasses at the people in the play-house, and then you see every body that's on the stage. I did'nt know this was the case, till I saw people looking through their spy-glasses, and they, none of them that I seen, turned their faces towards the players, and so I asked Mr. S. about it, and he said you could'nt see through them any thing that you looked at, and so I suppose it is so. I looked through Master Billy's, and all the people looked no bigger than our Sally's jointing-baby, but I guess I did'nt know how to look.

On the stage there was a man agoing to dig a grave, and he pulled off five or six jackets, for I suppose it was desperate cold, walking to the play-house, and so, as he was going to work hard, he pulled them all off but one. And so it is with Master Billy too, for he wears four or five jackets, and yet sometimes it looks as if it was'nt to keep him warm neither, for his bosom is all open, and his jackets are only buttoned by the lowest button, but then, indeed, the jackets are so short, there ant room hardly for more than one button.

I wish our Debby could see Miss Juley's dress....Its scant enough before, and on the shoulders, but I'm sure theres enough behind dragging on the floor to make a good short gound for Debby, and I don't think it would be out of the way to cut a little off behind, and put it on the neck, for its dreadful cold, I guess, to go naked. But Miss Juley did'nt seem to mind it neither, and, I declare, I could'nt help thinking she looked sometimes just like you, when you take our little Dicky in your arms, to give him something to eat. What that there long piece on the gound, dragging behind them, is for, I can't guess, for, when they walk in the street, they hold it up, so that you can see above the ankles.

They've got a queer way of telling who comes to the front door in the morning. Yesterday I was sitting in the parlour with Miss Juley, and somebody rung the bell, and Miss Juley told the man to go and see who it was, and she said she was'nt at home....I stared, and told Miss Juley I thought she lived at home....But she laughed, and said she was'nt always at home; and the man came in and said two young gentlemen had asked for Miss Juley, and he gave her two little cards, which she put over the chimney, and I asked what they was for, for I saw some writing on them. She said it was the names of the gentlemen who was at the front door, and went out of the parlour, and I had'nt time to ask more about them cards. But, my dear, is'nt it queer, that the people who call, can't tell the servant their names, as they do in the country, when the neighbours call to see me, and I ant at home. But, as they stick them cards over the chimney, may be its to let people know who comes to the house, else I can't guess what its for.

I went yesterday to a big house, they call the *Museeum, or Great School of Nature!* What they larn, at this school, I don't know, but I guess its cutting faces out, as all the scholars was up in one corner, looking at a thing they had to draw faces with. It must be for this the scholars go there, for Mr. S. told me, till they got that thing there, nobody scarce ever went, but now the school is crowded all day. There was a whole sight of dead beetles; and snakes in brandy, and dead foxes, and butterflies, as dry as a husk, but nobody looked at them, that I seen. And there was a whole heap of faces painted there, that Mr. S. told me was likenesses of all the great men that fought in the war. But all the scholars was so busy in getting their own faces cut out, that they could'nt look at any body elses. They've got a great big animal there, made of bones, that they call the Mamuth, and they said Mr. Jefferson found it, but they could'nt find any more. Now, my dear, I'm sure, and so I told Mr. S. that I was sure there was'nt any more of these monsters, for, if there was, they're so big, they could easily be found. He said he did'nt know, but the philosophers said there was plenty of them somewhere in the back-woods.

My dear I'm just going to what they call a concert, where they sing, and often make a terrible noise, according to the rules of art, and so I can't write any more now.

Your loving husband, till death,

R. HAYCOCK.

This Mr. Haycock, like the Ofellus of Horace, is abnormis sapiens. Though he is *downright dunstable*, in his style, and though his letter *smells confoundedly of woods and meadows*, as my gallant ancestor, Will Honeycomb, gaily expresses it, yet, through the incrustation of rusticity, I can often discern the gleams of good sense and the sparkles of a wit, bright, though unpolished. Listless was of opinion that such a clownish fellow should not be admitted into a paper, so polite as ours. But, as I am a worshipper of originality, and relish shrewd remarks, even from a rude mouth, I resolved, with my usual good nature, that my correspondent should be introduced to the Town, even though his bow be awkward, and his dialect provincial.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, No. V.

Various methods have been devised, by men of talents and deep designs, to instigate the people to rebellion. No one of these has been more successful in the event, and none more dangerous to the community, than the privilege assumed by every artful demagogue, to examine into the measures of government.

To watch and scrutinize the conduct of men, who have the management of our property, nay, who hold our lives and liberties in their hands, is at least plausible, and, abstractedly considered, is rational. But when experience teaches us, that those who bawl loudest for Liberty, soonest desert her service, and that instead of a magnanimous resolution, to support the laws of their country, and the freedom of the people, it is often a scramble for the loaves and fishes,

which inflames the breasts of a majority of patriots; it is, surely, the sacred duty of all good men to discountenance such intemperate opposition.

On the contrary; when a true and enlightened patriot employs the talents which God has given him to detect and expose the crimes and follies of rulers; or when such a one, favoured by rank and fortune, feels his bosom glow with a generous spirit, to save the laws and liberties of his country, from the fell gripe of a tyrant, by a legal exertion of the privileges, which the law of nature and of society has given him, the generous mind will, at all times, seek for an apology for that man, in the rectitude of his heart, if he should not always find it in the wisdom and capacity of his mind.

I cannot regard, with indifference, the dangers which I see will arise from an indulgence of too general and free an inquiry into the proceedings of government. Well aware I am, that, under the specious pretext of probing and cleansing the body politic of all vicious and faulty habits, men of abilities, yet, unfortunately, of intriguing and factious tempers, have sown discontent among the people; and wrought up a huge budget of imaginary ills, which fear, sometimes, but more often interest, has swelled and transformed into real grievances. These men, by their arts and hypocrisy, have roused those restless spirits, the pest of every political community, whom the public welfare required should be wrapt in eternal sleep. Too well we know that the spirit of inquiry has made men, when in pursuit of the true God, to become infidels, and has embarrassed them in a maze of error, when searching for truth and reason.

Notwithstanding this, every country affords particular periods, when a calm investigation into the art of government, is productive of wholesome effects, preserves the laws in their purity and justice, and prevents the excesses both of freedom and power.

But, even in these periods, great caution must be observed, lest, in too narrowly watching the spirit and letter of the constitution, we introduce, into our breasts, an habitual suspicion of the rectitude of our rulers; and, from a persevering, systematic opposition to government, forcibly corrupt the public spirit of the country, give it a wrong bias, and finally change the constitution. So great is the danger to be apprehended, that these baneful consequences might result from too keen a scrutiny into the proceedings of administration, and from an organized anti-governmental party, that without the truest patriotism, the greatest circumspection, the most rigorous adherence to the laws and customs of the nation, this guardianship of public liberty had better be dispensed with, as a source more productive of evil, than good.

Those men, in France, who first suggested the idea of reforming the laws and manners of their countrymen, may have been, and my charity prompts me to believe they were, warmed with a zeal for the public interest. But they sounded too loudly the alarum bell, and too generally diffused the spirit of reform, with which they were inflamed. They commenced their career with propagating new opinions respecting the King and his government; they blazoned forth the virtues of a limited monarchy, and ridiculed the absurdities of the Romish Church. They had thus begun to reform; it was but one step further to regenerate.

Louis the sixteenth, must have perceived the working of this spirit, and have observed the change in the public sentiment, but he could not see the result of it, nor the condition to which it would reduce him to. Had his penetration been strong enough to pierce a few years into futurity, and there to behold the deep tragedy which was preparing; to see his faithful nobles scattered, like the Jews, to every quarter of the earth, and his country a devoted victim to the fury of Marat and Robespierre; his priests exiled or murdered, and the churches of his holy religion, converted into barracks for a wretched sanguinary crew of jacobin soldiers; could Lewis have beheld these things, his patriotism, his piety, his humanity, would all have risen in strength to his support; they would have given vigor to his arm, and fortitude to his mind. Thus supported, he might have crushed the monster in its cradle. The King had not even a suspicion of their terrible event. Affectionately attached to his people, he indiscriminately embraced all the projects that were proposed for the public good. He accelerated, by his compliant temper, the downfal of his throne; and, from a mistaken patriotism, disseminated opinions more destructive to a country, than the devouring flame of war.

I will not offend the ears of any, who may read these papers, by noticing the inhuman crimes of those monsters, who have strutted the stage of French politics. Their enormities already blacken the page of French history; and if the rising generation should profit by the sad experience and calamitous events of the present, they may stand as way-marks, pointing out the bloody and ruinous deeds, that lay in the progress of Democracy; they will be monuments of the refined cruelty which men are capable of, when this hydra has deformed their nature, and vitiated their minds.

But some attention to the change that took place in the manners, opinions, and conduct of the nation, during the reign of Lewis the 15th and 16th, is absolutely essential, both to fully comprehend the manner in which Democracy arrived at so complete a triumph; and by what means alone its progress could have been checked.

The parliaments of France, though originally nothing more than courts of justice, began to assume, in the reign of Lewis the 15th, new powers; and to make inroads on the prerogatives of the King. Heretofore they had registered, without a discussion, the royal edicts: now they chose to inquire into the necessity of them, and to investigate their merits, previously to enrolling them upon the journals of the house. In many instances the parliaments set their opinions in opposition to that of the King, and, although the latter invariably obtained, still it was an evidence of a very material revolution in the sentiments of the nation. This change of opinion was manifest from the writings of Voltaire, and from the avidity, with which all classes of men read his works. It also was evident in the publications of Rousseau, who followed him in date, but surpassed him in the bold doctrines he advanced. The American revolution, which happened in the succeeding reign, and which was so zealously aided by the King of France, was a potent mean of accelerating the subversion of the monarchy, and the ruin of the nation. Frenchmen of influence, who had served the United States, in their contest for liberty, brought home with them new, and, perhaps, extravagant sentiments of liberty, government, and manners. Men had begun to think in France, and to circulate their opinions on government and religion, throughout the kingdom. Even the proud and lofty, among the noblesse, no longer kept themselves secluded from the sight and converse of the inferior orders; but the several grades mingled together with less reserve and proud distinction.

How different this from the age of Lewis, the fourteenth! Then men of genius and learning both wrote and acted; and their works are monuments of taste and correct thought, and of lasting benefit to the kingdom. Nevertheless, they hugged their chains, and not one of them ever dreamed of disentangling himself. The supremacy of the monarch, in civil and religious matters; his right to the life and property of the subject, were not even questioned in that golden age of Kings. Poets, orators, historians, and philosophers flourished; but no one ever doubted the absolute power of the King, or wrote a line on the liberty of the people.

This great change in the sentiments of men of learning and genius, and, I may add, this rapid decline of the royal authority, from the reign of Lewis the fourteenth, to the period I speak of, in the reign of Lewis the sixteenth, was a solemn warning to this latter monarch, which, if properly regarded, would have spared, to the King, his life, and, to the nation, its best blood and treasure.

AURELIUS.

[The citizen of Geneva, who superintends the fiscal concerns of the United States, is invited to peruse, with attention, the following summary, which contains the substance of MR GRISWOLD'S remarks, when he introduced a resolution, relative to the "transactions of the commissioners of the sinking fund," for the past year.

In this "little bit of paper" the Secretary of the Treasury may possibly discern, that there are natives of America capable of making calculations with quite as much, if not a little more, accuracy, than a *foreign adventurer*, whose best title to the favour of the present administration was *rebellion* against the last

The most important statements in this document are corroborated by the circular letter, from the Hon. John Stanley, of North-Carolina, to his constituents, the prolixity of which precludes its insertion in the Port Folio.

Notwithstanding Mr. Gallatin's book upon finance, we have been slow to believe, that, in the science of *economics*, he would ever attain the celebrity of his fellow-citizen *Neckar*; but, with less talents, he may produce as much mischief in the fiscal affairs of this country, as *Neckar* did in those of France. We have *no confidence* in that officer of the general government. He is, in our estimation, a suspicious character; and so long as men are to be found, in our country, of native growth, of unblemished fame, and unquestionable talents to fill the office, which a foreigner, lacking these qualifications, now holds, we shall not cease to feel, that we are, indeed, a "*degraded people.*"]

From the Gazette of the United States.

IMPORTANT.

On the second day of this month, Mr. Griswold moved, in the House of Representatives of the United States, a resolution, to instruct the committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the transactions of the commissioners of the Sinking Fund, for the year 1802.

The debate, on this interesting subject, will be given, hereafter, at length. In the meantime it may be proper to state, that, in explaining the objects to which the inquiry was to be directed, Mr. Griswold stated, that the commissioners had received, under the act for the redemption of the public debt, in the year 1802, the sum of dolls. 7,300,000 to be applied, in that year, to the discharge of interest and principal of the public debt, and that they had applied only dolls. 6,530,007 84 to that object, leaving an unexpended balance, in their hands, of dollars 769,992 16.

That the commissioners, in making up their accounts, had charged dolls. 4,065,738 47 for interest on the public debt, whereas it had been stated, in the Treasury account, that the interest amounted only to dolls. 3,947,190 75, and of course, there must be an error in one or the other of these accounts.

That, during the year 1802, the commissioners had received the sum of 10,293,290 dollars 88 cents, of the public money, to be applied to the debt, but, by their own report, they had rendered

no *certain* account of the application of more than 7,817,607 dollars 84 cents, leaving a balance of 2,480,683 dollars 4 cents, unaccounted for in any other form than by an estimate of remittances for Holland, which had been purchased in the year 1802, and which the commissioners estimated at 2,365,842 dollars 80 cents, which remittances Mr. G. supposed ought not to have been reported on estimate, as the commissioners knew the amount, but that, admitting this estimate to be correct, there still remained a balance of dollars 114,839 44 for which no account had been rendered. That the accounts of the public debt of the last year did not, in several particulars, agree, either with themselves, or with the accounts of the present year—that in the accounts transmitted to the House, during the last session, it was in one account stated that the interest upon the Dutch debt amounted to 476,931 dollars, and in another account that it amounted only to 458,100 dollars—that in the account of the secretary at the last session, the installment upon the Dutch debt, for the year 1802, was stated to be guilders 3,550,000; and in the account of the commissioners the same installment was stated to be only guilders 3,360,000. That this business had been conducted exclusively by the secretary of the treasury, who was accountable for the fairness of the transaction, and the correctness of the accounts, and though he did not know, that there had been any absolute misapplication of the public money, yet he did know that an individual, who was entrusted with the management of more than ten millions of dollars might, by contract with his confidential friends, and in many other ways, avail himself of the use of a large proportion of this enormous sum, without exposing himself greatly to detection.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ACT 2....SCENE 4.

In this scene we have a sketch of *love*, to whose justness, we believe, the lover will assent. The wit of Touchstone may make us smile, and, perhaps, will remind us of the proverb, that "much truth is often spoken in jest."

Corin. That is to make her scorn you still.
Silvius. O Corin! that thou knew'st how I do love her!
Cor. I partly guess, for I have loved ere now—
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou can'st not guess;
Though, in thy youth, thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a mid-night pillow!
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions, most ridiculous,
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O thou did'st then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved;—O Phœbe, Phœbe, Phœbe!

That old people forget what love is, we do not believe, but they shew little favour to it, because they know that it "*draws us into many actions most ridiculous.*" The slight attention which is paid to their advice, proves that Shakspeare knew the despotic influence of love. When it has seized on the mind, it

Bears, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

There is not less nature, than wit, in Touchstone's description of his own love—

Touch. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword over a stone, and bid him take that for coming, o'nights, to Jane Smile, and I remember the kissing of her *batlet, and the cow's dugs, that her pretty chopp'd hands had milked; and I remember the wooing a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said, with *weeping tears*, 'wear these for my sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

The *cow's dugs*, which Touchstone kissed, are a proper emblem of all those sweet trifles, which a maiden's hands have hallowed in the eyes of her lover; and the slaves of Cupid, in perusing this passage, may probably think of their pocket-books and secret drawers, where withered rose-leaves retain their morning fragrance; where a cotton thread binds strong as a cable; and manuscript copies of songs are perused with more devotion than the Bible.

Charity, dependence, and inhospitality, are finely pourtrayed in the ensuing lines—

Corin. But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the flecces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven,
By doing deeds of hospitality.

Act 2....Scene 5.

The love of music, in the melancholy mind, is shewn in this passage; and the folly of complimenting and of flattering, where no affection is felt, may be acknowledged by some, though Chesterfield would doubt it.

Jaques. More, more, I pr'ythee. more.
Amiens. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it—More, I pr'ythee more—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazle sucks eggs. More I pr'ythee, more.
Ami. My voice is rugged; I know, I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me—but I do desire you to sing.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you—but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Jaq. I'll go sleep, if I can;—if not, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

First-born is *high-born*, and Jaques meant to shew his detestation of pride. Shakspeare did not intend that a mind so polished as that of Jaques, should question the policy, or the propriety of the distinction of ranks in society; but merely that the *first-born* had forgotten their privileges and power should be used to promote the interests of humanity; and, in the delusion of self-importance, considered them as pandars to tyranny, and every species of dissipation.

First-born is also a scriptural expression—"And the Lord smote all the *first-born* in Egypt," Exod. 12 c. 29 v. We note the expression borrowed by Shakspeare from the scriptures, that authors, in the hour of composition, may refer to them, *at least, as a source of ornament*, to decorate their own pages; for however it may be the fashion of *philosophers* to question their inspiration, their morality is seldom openly attacked. Men will toil for pleasure, when they will not work for instruction, and they who are enraptured with *Ossian*, neglect Isaiah and Job.

(To be continued.)

* The instrument, with which washers beat their coarse clothes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have often thought that though learning may devise rules of writing, yet ignorance frequently performs, by mere instinct, or natural apprehension, more than all the boasted *limæ labor* of criticism can effect. For instance; the canons of criticism tell us, that, in epistolary correspondence, we *must write as we speak*. I wish, sir, to introduce, to your notice, the unvarnish'd epistle of a plain unlettered man.

"*SIR*,

I am sorry I disappointed you so long, but it was out of my pour to get it sooner, as I had a house to bulde, and after I got it finished, it was burned down.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

———."

There you do not see the art which conceals art. You see no straining for simplicity; it is simplicity itself; no endeavour to dwell upon the disaster of having a house burnt down as soon as it was built; no artful attempt to tell the misfortune in a strong point of view, endeavouring, at the same time, to preserve that unassuming natural manner, so strongly enforced by the critics, in this mode of composition. The circumstance was in itself thought sufficient to form an adequate excuse for the delay, and the mere mention of it strikes us more forcibly than the most elaborate display of *affected simplicity* could possibly have done. I have yet another epistle, of a similar kind. It was written by a school boy, to his play-fellow, and runs thus—"You owe me a pipe, and I must have it to-morrow." When we read this, can we help calling to mind Cæsar's famous Veni, vidi, vici, only the one relates to the noble art of man killing, and the other to the mere mercantile transaction of a pipe due, in the course of boyish commerce, to the writer.

Perhaps you may think this trifling, but in the present day, when bombastic and inflated language is so much the vogue, it may not be amiss, occasionally, to call the attention of our writers to the beauty and strength of natural and unaffected expression.

I remain, sincerely, yours,

HARLEY.

EPISTOLARY.

[While GOLDSMITH, on his first arrival in London, was endeavouring, as his Biographer neatly expresses it, to "support himself, between his prescriptions, and his pen," he became acquainted, with a juvenile physician, a son of Dr. Milner, advantageously known, as the author of some elementary books of education, and master of a classical school, of considerable eminence. Conscious of Goldsmith's embarrassment, this young gentleman invited him, to take charge of his father's school; and, in requital, his father, who "had considerable interest with some of the India directors, promised to exert it, in procuring for him, some medical establishment, under the East-India company. This he faithfully performed, and Dr. Goldsmith had a regular appointment to one of the factories, in the year 1758."

To prepare for his equipment, his Biographer continues, he drew up proposals to print, by subscription, of five shillings, his intended publication of The Present State of Polite Literature in Europe. These he transmitted to his friends in Ireland; and that subscription, together with an account of his present situation, and future prospects, are the subjects of the following letter.

In this unstudied effusion there are many passages to admire. The author's confession of caprice, the allusion to Scarron, the privileges of an author, the eagerness for independence, and the lamentation of eccentricity.]

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.

At Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

DEAR SIR,

You cannot expect regularity in one, who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say, I could never do it sincerely. Take me, then, with all my faults. Let me write when I please; for you

dee, I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud, when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories, on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon, for which the company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me ten pounds. I must also pay fifty pounds for my passage, and ten pounds for my sea stores: and the other incidental expenses of my equipment, will amount to sixty or seventy pounds more. The salary is but trifling, viz. one hundred pounds per ann. but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than one thousand pounds per ann. for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, with the high interest which money bears, viz. 20 per cent. are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate; which induce me to leave a place, where I am, every day, gaining friends and esteem; and where I might enjoy all the conveniencies of life. I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want? What can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big bellied woman's, who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men, of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller that employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions? Yet, upon mature deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated, before I reached the other. I know you have, in Ireland, a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread; though Swift and Steele did so, in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author, by profession, lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer, who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteely, than many, who pride themselves for nothing else, in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing, but the wildest ambition, could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of that refined conversation, which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune, and paltry lucre. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me, sometimes gives me pain; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life: when I think of that dignity, which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my sentiments. I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I refer you to a letter, which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me, among your acquaintance, a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you: and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same. [*Omitting here what relates to private family affairs, he then adds,*] I know not how my desire of [illegible] Ireland, which nas so long slept, has [illegible]vived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low spirited, to return home, and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I hope to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong, steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

HIGH COURT OF CHANCERY.

In the case of Docter Wolcot (Peter Pindar), against Jones and Kearsley, the publishers of his works; an injunction was moved for on behalf of the plaintiff, to prohibit the defendants from publishing his works in duodecimo, or in any other manner or form, than that expressed by the agreement, by which he assigned his copy right; the dispute between the parties was the true construction of that agreement.

His Lordship, however said, that he should grant no injunction, till the works themselves which were the objects of the dispute should be submitted to his inspection: if they were libels, the plaintiff had not by law such a copy right, in them as to venture to maintain an action at law upon; nor would he ever decree, an account for the unhallowed profits of libellous publications. He thought the plaintiff would do well to establish his right at law, before he came into that Court, for an injunction.

COMMON PLEAS.

ROBERTSON v. *BADCOCK.*

The plaintiff, is the celebrated Miss Robertson, of Blackheath; the defendant, a Bookseller in Paternoster-row, who had published two pamphlets for her, but refused accounting with her, for the profits of them. The Counsel for the defendant, seemed to rest their defence on the notoriety of Miss Robertson's character, and partnership existing between her, and Miss Sharp, who ought consequently to have been a party in the present action: this partnership was however, not proved.

Lord Alvanley, in a very able and impartial charge, told the Jury, that they must lay out of their mind, those suggestions and reports respecting Miss Robertson's general character in this action; it appeared to him, that she had an unquestionable property, in her own works, and consequently a right to recover.—The Jury found a verdict for Miss Robertson—Damages, 62l. 4s. 6d.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JUNIUS AGAIN.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE observed, in a late number of the Port Folio, some account of a new edition of Junius's letters, published by Robert Heron, with a commentary and notes. This editor announces to the world, an opinion that the author of those memorable letters, was *no other* than Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton....But the evidence upon which he formed that opinion he has not thought it expedient to produce.

Since the appearance of that article in the Port Folio, a still more wonderful discovery has been promulgated, by a most learned Theban, in the state of Virginia, who tells us that Junius was *no other*, that the late Major General Charles Lee, and the evidence produced is the alledged confession of General Lee himself.

I have not the most distant inclination to question the veracity of this worthy gentleman; for General Lee would sometimes amuse himself at the expence of his company....And as to his confession, it reminds me of another Englishman, who had studied the prophecies with such assiduity, that he could discuss with extreme accuracy the style and character of all the prophets excepting the prophet *Jonah*....Of that he thought it improper to express an opinion, because to say the truth, *he wrote the book himself.*

But, my dear sir, I too have a claim to the indulgence of my countrymen, while I venture to introduce, not one, but two new claimants to the honour of having produced those models of factious eloquence, and elegant invective.

The letters of Junius, therefore were written by *no other* than the Attorney General of the United States, and the more or less Secretary.... The proofs, upon which this conjecture rests, are the internal evidence of the letters themselves, and their striking similarity of style and spelling, to the lucubrations of the Worcester farmer, and to certain official documents and private letters of the Secretary, now in my possession.

You have not, perhaps, remarked, what is nevertheless certain....that the letters of Junius may be divided into two classes....Those, which investigate constitutional and local questions; and those, which relate to the army and military affairs....It is strange that this circumstance has never before given a clue to the important fact, that they were the productions of two men. It often happens, that after a mystery has for many years perplexed the understandings, and eluded the sagacity of all mankind, when it is once unveiled, the simplest of mortals gaze at one another, and wonder at the stupidity of the world, for not having discovered it before. I flatter myself that after this hint shall once be given to the public, there will no longer subsist a doubt, as to the real authors of Junius. There can be no hesitation in assigning to each writer his respective part. The law letters must, beyond all question, have been written by the Secretary; and it is equally undeniable that those, embracing the military department, must have been composed by the farmer.

Yet, upon reflection, I may perhaps have been too sanguine, in the expectation that opinions will henceforth be unanimous on this subject. As there is nothing too absurd for some philosophers to assert; so there is nothing so plain but others will call it in question....My own opinion, indeed, is settled....but in communicating it to the public, I cannot object to its undergoing the same scrutiny, with that of others on the same topic, and as no conjecture hitherto has been satisfactory to the literary world, I am content that mine, like the rest, should take its chance of

MORE OR LESS OPPUGNATION.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When we do not approve of measures adopted by any of our state republican governors, we generally take the liberty of saying so, and if, *by chance*, any thing praise-worthy, or of good report, should proceed from the same source, we do not grudgingly withhold the meed of commendation. With our political opponents, this practice, is so exceedingly rare, that we could not have learnt it from them. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we make no professions of *impartiality*, a word, interpreted as it is, in the American vocabulary, no less odious to us, than the practice signified by it. With this preface, we may proceed to say, that we view with real pleasure, the conduct of governor M'Kean, in having refused his assent to

the passage of a bill, which had already received the sanction of both branches of the legislature, by which *aliens* were to have been naturalized in Pennsylvania, after a much shorter term of residence, than the law of Congress on the same subject, prescribes. The title of this bill, sufficiently explains the motives of the majority, that framed and introduced it. "An act to alter and amend the act, entitled, "An act *to regulate the general elections* within this commonwealth." Thus, *for electioneering purposes* merely, the legislature of Pennsylvania, without the seasonable veto of the governor, would have usurped a power, delegated to the national government, and exhibited the first example of state sovereignty, as a great majority of democrats would wish it—viz. *paramount* to the constitution of the United States.

The governor's objections to the above-mentioned bill, are expressed with legal precision, and sufficiently expose the absurdity of this attempt to usurp authority, by those *wild beasts*, whom *the people* thought fit to chuse for their representatives.

For the preceding remarks, we offer no apology to Duane. He has full permission to call them "federal compliments."

—

The style of exultation, which the jacobin prints employ, on the subject of "the Marquis" and Citizen Pichon's letters to the *Spanish* governor of the *French* province of Louisiana, would almost persuade the public to believe, that some alteration, *for the better*, had taken place in our relations towards Spain and France, on the subject of the transfer of that province. The fact is, that our situation is precisely as it was three months ago, not only, as to the right of deposite, but as it respects the change of possession, which a portion of our continent is very speedily to undergo. We persist in the opinion, which we have all along expressed, that the United States ought to have been consulted by the Spanish government, before this transaction was accomplished; and their omitting to do it, is a grievance for which we ought to demand redress. Indeed, since the consent of the United States to this transfer of territory, has neither been attained nor asked, we have an undoubted right to *oppose* the completion of it, *by force*. The shutting out of the merchandise of our countrymen, from New-Orleans, is but a secondary consideration. It may, or may not, be the act of an unauthorised individual, but it has unquestionably been attended with serious injury to the interests of the western people. To whom shall they look for redress of wrongs and indemnity for their losses? To the French, who are "hourly expected," to take possession; or to the Spaniards, who are "now exercising only an *(intermediary*)* power in that colony?" Even the President of the United States, with all his sagacity, means of information and philosophic inquiry, is equally incompetent, with us, to answer this question. We have it under his own hand, that "the uncertainty with what power we may have to settle *this matter*, adds to its difficulties."

It is idle and useless to speak of rights and duties, of redress and indemnity, so long as a mean, selfish, cowardly, *economizing* policy prevails in our national councils. The proper language for federal editors to employ, henceforth, should be that of lamentation for the loss of national honour; congratulation, that they have had no hand in the business, and exultation, that their uniform predictions as to the views of their political adversaries, are realized in every measure of a vicious and ruinous administration.

* Stupidity of the translator.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

MARCH TERM, 1803.

COMMONWEALTH VS. *C. P. WAYNE.*

This was an Indictment for a Libel, removed from the Mayor's Court to the Supreme Court. The prosecution was grounded on a publication, which, appeared in the Gazette of the United States, in the month of May 1801, while Mr. Wayne, the defendant, was the proprietor, of that paper—The Indictment charged the defendant, with printing and publishing, a certain "false, scandalous, and malicious libel," against *Alexander James Dallas, Esq.*

The Defendant plead guilty, and submitted to the judgment of the Court.

Sentence—That the Defendant, pay a fine of three hundred dollars to the Commonwealth; the costs of prosecution, &c. &c.

The Counsel for the Defendant, made no defence nor extenuation, and the Counsel for the Commonwealth, made but *few* remarks.—

When this is the case, with professional gentlemen, we, surely, may be excused for being *silent*.

—

The President's selection of James Monroe, as the Negociator, between the United States and Spain, seems, at last to call forth, something like animadversion. One would think that the inexorable silence, which reigned over this subject, when the nomination first took place, was caused by the *astonishment*, which so preposterous a measure excited. We are not altogether surprized, that people should be struck *dumb*, for a time, when they hear reports of our national debasement.

When this Negociator, came back from France, it was said, that a ship of considerable size, was chartered to transport his baggage. "Seventy-six packages, were not near all, which he brought in with him."

A double embassy, to Spain and France, will not, it is hoped, increase the *luggage* propensities of our Envoy, in the proportion of two for one.

—

Our "infant navy," is to grow up hereafter, from sixteen and twenty gun galleys. The present administration seems to glory, in the "day of small things." The President's chief ambition seems to be to enjoy, the title of commander in chief, and major general of the Lilliputian army, and high admiral, of the musquitoe-fleet.

—

The secretary of the treasury, is engaged, since the recess, in writing a treatise upon *equations*, or the true art, of reconciling, in 24 hours, all detected differences, between two reports, on the same subject. The chairman of the committe, of ways, and means, assists him—*gratis*.

—

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY.

Cromwell's officers, who were for levelling lands, *while they had none*, when they grew *landed* fell to crying up, Magna Charta.

See Sir William Temple.

—

Louis XVIII. is recovering from a severe illness; he lives in great retirement, but attentively watches the course of events, and, like Philip II. seems to be of opinion, that time may yet befriend him. When the king of Prussia was at Warsaw, the unfortunate Louis was confined to his bed, but the duke and duchess of Angouleme, went to pay their homage to the king.

—

ROSCOE'S LORENZO, THE MAGNIFICENT.

Of the life of one of the brightest of the Italian scholars, the admirer of polite letters, is at length, gratified by the *American* edition. After some procrastination and delay, the offspring, not of the indolence of the Editors, but of a sickly and desolated summer, Messrs. BRONSON and CHAUNCEY, have published Vol. 1. of Roscoe's elegant biography, of a splendid and versatile genius, who, from the liberality of his views, not less than from the generosity of his temper, has been saluted with one of the proudest titles, that admiration can confer on merit.

It would be superfluous to enlarge, on the character, and contents of a work, so generally read, and so universally famous. We will only add, that the Printer, and the Engraver, have elegantly accomplished their task, that the text, though abounding, in Italian and Latin quotations, is wonderfully correct, and that the American execution of this work, as well as its intrinsic beauty, demand the attention and kindness of all, who wish to encourage the arts at home, employed in the exhibition of elegant literature, from abroad.

—

The writers, in the Monthly Magazine, thus notice our project for a new language. We are not unwilling, that foreign criticism, should sneer at the monstrous words, adopted and defended, by our provincial writers.

"An American lexicographer, of the name of Alexander, has lately published a Columbian Dictionary of the English language, in which he proposed to insert, many new words, peculiar to the United States. We were at first alarmed, for the integrity of our language; but a smile was excited, when we found, that all the words, by which it is yet improved, on the other side of the Atlantic, amount only to ten. They are *lengthy*, *antifederalism*, *bootees*, *caucus*, *rateability*, *sophomore*, *lintar*, *yankey*, *accordingto*, and *composuist;* words, which, if popular, we venture to prognosticate, will also continue to be peculiar to their inventors!

—

The cant phrase of Ollapod, "*I owe you one*," has been pleasantly employed, in a song, by Mr. Oulton, in a new farce much in vogue.

Harry came to me last week,
But I bade the rogue begone;
With his lips he touch'd my cheek,
For, said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love, and dear,
And my shoulder lean'd upon;
With a box, though in the ear,
"Sir," cried I,—I *pay* you one."

Acting then the lover's part,
How the fellow's tongue ran on—
Swearing he had lost his heart,
And of course, "I ow'd him one."

Then he paid me double price,
For no bounds his raptures knew—
Kissing once, and kissing twice,
"Oh," said he, "I owe you two."

—

The ensuing stanzas, are a fine specimen of the versatile genius of Roscoe.

STANZAS.

FROM THE LATIN OF ANGELUS POLITIANUS.

Why, Charles, when Youth and Love combine,
With Sages old thine hours employ?
To weave the polish'd verse be thine,
To sing of rapture, sing of joy.

Tell how thy fav'rite mistress smiles,
Proud of the strain a Muse might own,
For Venus comes with all her wiles,
And claims this season as her own.

Hence then with Learning's wrinkled brow,
The serious mein, the frown au[stere],
Soft let the melting numbers flow,
'Till Grecia's self with envy hear.

So Cupid round thy favour'd head
His mother's Myrtle wreath shall twine;
Beyond the stars thy praise shall spread,
Nor time nor space thy fame confine.

—

The following paragraph, verbatim from a London paper, will cause a smile in some, and a stare in others.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN EUROPE.

ORIENTAL AMULET,

FOR SOUND SLEEP AND PLEASANT DREAMS.

The delightful effects of this AMULET, have long been known, to the refined and voluptuous nations of the East:—A gentleman, who conformed to their customs, that he might learn their secrets, and is lately returned from those countries, with a fortune, that sets him above dependence, now offers it, to the natives of Europe, as the most valuable of his discoveries.

The AMULET, with farther particulars, price one guinea, can be had, only, wholesale and retail, at Mr. Broxup's perfumer, No. 138, Oxford-street, and no where else in London.

N. B. Each Amulet is numbered, and sealed with the impression of a Bramin, with the words, "Oriental Amulet" round it, which the public are respectfully requested to observe.

Country venders may have boxes, not less than half a dozen in each, for ready money only, with a liberal allowance.

☞ It will serve for life.

—

ELOGE DE LA GAIETE.

Air—"*Vaudeville des Veuves.*"

Douce compagne du bonheur,
O toi! toujours si séduisante,
Toi qui plais à l'esprit, au cœur,
Aimable Gaieté, je te chante:
Ton attirante activité,
Par son charme, enlève, sans cesse,
Une ride à l'austérité,
Un souvenir à la tristesse.

Souvent, aux projets d'un amant,
Tu sers bien plus que la tendresse;
Et tout se risque innocemment,
Quand c'est en riant que l'on presse:
Profitant d'un geste, d'un mot,
Et, toujours folle avec adresse,
Si ta main agite un grelot,
L'autre dérobe une carresse.

Faut-il, pour aimer vivement,
Adorer la Mélancolie?
La Folie et le Sentiment,
Peuvent aller de compagnie:
La Gaieté, chassant les ennuis,
Laisse l'Amitié sans nuage:
Quand je ris avec mes amis,
Je crois les aimer davantage.

Puisqu' Amour, Jeunesse et Santé
Finissent, même avant la vie,
Gardons la seule volupté
Qu'on peut fixer, c'est la Folie:
Ne sachant pas ou nous allons,
Berçons-nous par d'heureux mensonges,
Et puisque nous nous endormons,
Cherchons la Gaieté dans nos songes.

Many persons have antipathies, of which they neither know the cause, nor the remedy. The old Duke d'Epernon, who owed his fortune to his courage, used to faint at the sight of a *leveret*.—Marshal d'Albert could not sit at a table, where there was a dish of *maccaroni*, without growing sick. Ladislaus Jagelion, king of Poland, who displayed an uniformly intrepid valour, during a course of fifty years of dangers and perils, always trembled and ran away when he saw *apples*. James the first, king of England, turned pale at the sight of a *naked sword*. Pierre Alphonso, one of the most renowned philosophers of the 13th century, fainted at the smell of *cheese*. Chevalier Boyle fell into convulsions at the bubbling of *water* out of a bottle. Lamothe-le Vayer felt the greatest pain from the sweetest *music*, and greatest pleasure from thunder and discordant sounds. We read in the Philosophical transactions, of a chaplain, to the duke of Bolton, who used to feel his heart and the crown of his head, cold as ice, when he read or heard the 53d chapter of Isaiah. To this extraordinary list of antipathies may be added, that Bonaparte, the first consul of France, falls into hysterics when he reads or sees a London newspaper.

—

Of the laureats of England, Mr. Pye is unquestionably the first. The expression in the ensuing Ode is highly poetical and the sentiment is just and true, without a particle of the exaggeration or flattery of a pensioned lord. The jealousy with which England should view the romantic projects of an usurper, is finely and forcibly inculcated, and the truth of the last lines is acknowledged, by many men of wisdom and courage.

ODE.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1803.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

Though the tempestuous winds no more
The main with angry pinions sweep,
Though raging 'gainst the sounding shore
No longer howl the impetuous seas;
But soothed to rest, the billows sleep
Save where soft Zephyr's tepid breeze
Fans with its silken wing the rippling deep;
Yet still with *unremitting* eye
The pilot marks the uncertain sky,
The seaman watches still the gale,
Prompt or to spread or furl the sail,
Mindful of many a danger past,
Toss'd by the turbid wave, check'd by the adverse blast,

Not keen Suspicion's jealous glance,
Not fierce Contention's feverish rage,
Shall bid Britannia point the lance
New Realms to grasp, new wars to wage.
In *conscious rectitude elate*,
In *conscious power securely great*,
While she beholds the dangerous tide
Of battle's crimson wave subside,
Though *firm she stands in act to dare*
The *storms of renovated war*,
Her ready sword, her lifted shield,
Provoke not the ensanguin'd field,
More than the wary pilot's caution urge
The wind's tempestuous strife, or swell the foaming surge.

O from our shore be exiled far
Ambition's wild and restless crew,
Who through the bleeding paths of war
False glory's dæmon form pursue,
Whose burning thirst, still unsubdued
By deluges of guiltless blood,
Glares on the regions round with fiend-like eyes,
While scarce a vanquish'd world its wish supplies;
Yet ne'er may sloth's inglorious charm
Unnerve the manly Briton's arm,
Nor Sophistry's insidious art
E'er lull the manly Briton's heart.
May Peace, with plenty by her side,
Long, long o'er Albion's fields preside;
Long may her breath, with placid gale,
Of commerce swell the happy sail;
But roused in justice' sacred cause,
Insulted rights or violated laws,
Still may her sons with fierce delight
Flame in the gleamy van of fight,
Spread o'er the tented plain, or brave
With warlike prow the hostile wave;
And *on each firm ingenuous breast*
Be this *eternal truth impress'd*,
Peace only sheds perennial joys on those
Who *guard with dauntless arm* the blessings Peace bestows.

—

The mind of Bonaparte is so absorbed by his ambitious reveries, that he sometimes resembles the Menalcas of La Bruyere.

"The First Consul still pursues his labours with very little relaxation. A few days ago he took the diversion of the chace; but, in the midst of it, he was thrown from his horse, and fell upon his head. His companions were greatly alarmed for his safety, as he remained for some time without motion; he was merely stunned by the fall, and had received no personal injury. The fact was, that his mind being occupied with other matters, very different from that in which he was engaged, he clung but mechanically, as it were, to his horse, and was flung from his seat by a sudden spring of the animal. In a similar state of mind, he narrowly escaped, a few days before, from being overturned into a deep ditch, when taking the air, with Madame Bonaparte, in an open carriage."

—

WASHINGTON CITY, FEB. 24, 1803.

MANDAMUS.

The Chief Justice this day declared the opinion of the Court, at great length, on the motion of Mr. C. Lee, for a rule to shew cause why a Mandamus should not issue to compel James Madison, Secretary of State of the United States to deliver to William Marbury, and others, their Commissions of the Peace, for the district of *Columbia*.

The questions considered by the Court, in delivering their opinions, were—

1st. Has the applicant a right to the Commission, he demands?

2d. If he has a right, and that right, has been violated, do the laws of this country afford him a remedy?

3dly If they do afford him a remedy, is it by a mandamus, issuing from this Court?

On the first point it was the opinion of the Court, that such right did exist. 2dly, That he was entitled to a remedy—but on the third question, it was determined, that the act of Congress, giving the power to the Supreme Court, to issue a writ of mandamus in such a case was unconstitutional, and consequently void. The rule, therefore, was dismissed.

THE OLLA, No. V.

Those who remember the Leonine verses of the tenth century, or the jingling quibbles of the first James, will place the ensuing love letter and reply on the same shelf.

MADAM,

Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation, of this declaration, I shall make a preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commisseration, it will be an aggrandization, beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation of

Yours,

SANS DISSIMULATION.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

I perused your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination, to show such veneration, on so slight a foundation. But, after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination though of great variation, in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves commendation; and, thinking an imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

Madame Tallien resides in a magnificent hotel, at the expense of her two admirers, the minister G—d—n, and O—h—d, the contractor, in *L*

Rue Babylon!—This name, as might be expected, has given birth to many witty puns and epigrams, founded on a circumstance in the *Revelations*, which stands in no need of explanation.

Rope dancing, we are told, has become a fashionable amusement at Brighton. The Bucks of the present day have always, in one way or other, been friendly to the *hemp* manufacture.

The marriage of an indigent couple has been called the union of Hunger and Thirst.

There is much point in the following epigram.

A Cock, within a stable pent,
Was strutting over a heap of dung,
And still, as round and round he went,
The mettled courser stampt and flung.

Bravo! quoth he, a decent noise,
We make a tolerable pother;
But let's take care, my merry boys,
We tread not—upon one another.

Two girls of fashion lately entered an assembly room just as a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. "Ah, (said one of them, pretty loud,) there is beef, *a la mode*, coming out." "Yes, (retorted the city dame,) and there is *game* going in."

Menage, one day, having one of Madame De Sevigné's hands in both of his; when that lady retired, M. Politur said to him, "that is the finest work that ever came out of your hands."

Certain coquettes, gaily dressed, well powdered, and well rouged, being lately at a ball, asked a foreigner present, how he liked French beauties. "Ladies, (answered he, with great naiveté,) I am no judge of *painting*.

Of a humourist, of very unequal spirits, who was commonly dull and heavy, but had, at intervals, sufficient gaie , it was remarked, that he resembled an old castle, which is sometimes *visited by spirits*.

EPIGRAM.

Sylla declares the world shall know,
That he's my most determin'd foe!
I wish him wide the tale to spread;
For all that I from Sylla dread,
Is, that the knave, to serve some end,
May one day swear that he's my friend.

A humourous author compares love to the small-pox. The longer it is in making its appearance, the more violent is the disorder.

A quaint writer most quaintly saith, that soldiers die wholesale, by the musket, and retail by nature.

A civilian had married a girl, respecting whose character reports were not very advantageous. His scholars made themselves very merry with this wedlock with a wanton, and the day after the wedding, the civilian began his lecture, in these words, *Rem non novam, neque insolitam aggreditur.*

When Madame de Staal was writing *memoirs of her life*, a friend asked her, how she would depict herself, when she came to that part of her life, where adventures of gallantry formed so conspicuous a part? Oh, said she, I shall represent myself only as a *bust*.

According to a Persian author, it is less difficult to escape *temptation*, than *calumny*. It has been said, suppose a man to be alone with a fine woman, the doors shut, the servants, and his rivals absent, and desire, incited by opportunity—do you think he could resist? "He *might*, (was the answer,) but *no one would believe it.*"

A coquette has been compared to those *light* wines, which every one *tastes*, but none *buys*.

When all the court were sliding upon the Seine, which was frozen over, Henry IV. wished also to join them. One of his attendants prevented him—"The others are sliding," said the King. "Ah, Sire, (replied the attendant,) but you are of *greater weight* than the others."

In a chapel of the castle of Versailles is a St. Teresa, painted by Santerre. The beauty of this picture is so exquisite, and the expression so strong, that the sight of it is dangerous to the susceptible heart. It is even said, that several ecclesiastics have avoided saying mass at the altar of this chapel.

A limner, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived, that when he was endeavouring to give a resemblance of her mouth, she was twisting her features, in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most violent contraction. Impatient of this artifice, the painter, at length, said, "Don't hurt yourself, madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because, if you chuse, I will put none at all."

A French wit says, somewhere, that a physician, prescribing to a sick man, always calls to the mind, the circumstance of a child snuffing a candle; it is ten to one, but he snuffs it out.

Bonaparte has, perhaps, fixed his residence at Cloud, that he might exemplify the famous description of Virgil—

Ingrediturque solo caput inter nubila condit.

On Wednesday a new chariot was launched from Wilson and Turner's, in Long-Acre, amidst a considerable concourse of spectators, for Gen. Andreossi, the French Ambassador. It is a handsome carriage, painted yellow, and had nothing to distinguish it from the town chariots of the Nobility but "F. A." in a small silver cypher, which the populace, instead of F. Andreossi, naturally enough said, meant *French Ambassador*.

SISTER JANE.

IMITATED FROM FONTAINE.

A Nun, by some mischance or other,
Call'd sister Jane, became a mother.
This was, no doubt, a heinous sin—
She fasted—even grew pale and thin—
And striv'd to win celestial grace,
By praying early, aye, and late.
Meanwhile the other sisters of the place,
Were always prattling at the grate.
Her nun's beyond decorum gay,
The Abbess gravely said one day—
"Learn to renounce the World's temptations,
Restrain all carnal inclinations;
And, for your soul's eternal gain,
Conduct yourselves like sister Jane."
All quick reply'd, with honest glee—
"When we have done
What she has done,
We then shall be as wise as she."

A wag somewhere observes, that a very old man, adventuring in wedlock, may be compared to a newly born kid, he either dies, or bears horns, in the course of a year.

A cowardly soldier is a hare in arms.

Logic has been compared to a lobster, where there is more picking than eating.

Authors resemble flambeaus, which consume themselves in giving light.

It has been brilliantly said of an author, who wrote in a polished style, that his thoughts were written with solar beams.

A dwarf, mounted on the shoulders of a giant, will see farther than he. An author, in making use of ancient books, improves, and enlarges upon their knowledge.

THE TAYLOR AND THE CHANCELLOR.

A TALE.

A learned Taylor to a King,
Henry the Fourth of France, so fam'd,
Did once a book before him bring
Of Public Laws, himself had fram'd.

It was not slovenly and loose,
The seal impress'd a thimble shew'd;
The sheets were hot-press'd by a goose,
And with his finest needle sew'd.

The King, on witty pastime bent,
For sheers and stuff an order gave—
Then for his Chancellor he sent,
And told him he a suit must have.

"Measure me quick," the Monarch cry'd,
"Sire, (said the Chancellor,) you jest;
But faith the jest so wounds my pride,
I, humbly, must the cause request."

"In truth, I hop'd, (the King reply'd,)
Since both must work, the plan I try'd,
Would gain my Chancellor's applause;
Here take this book, with my advice,
You'll cut out breeches in a trice,
And let the Taylor cut out laws."

A PROBLEM.

Said Crito, to a Cambridge friend,
Inform me, if you can,
What curve the swinging basket traced
That held poor Garnerin.

I have not data, cried the sage,
An answer to compute,
Unless analogies I draw
From Vauxhall's parachute.

There, in attention lost, I stood,
Descending Puss to view;
Her time of falling closely mark'd,
Her oscillations too.

From calculation deep I can
Pronounce, without reserve,
The line, the kitten's fate describ'd,
A *Catenary* curve.

EPIGRAMS.

When you your criticism write,
Exclaim'd a self-conceited wight,
Consult my works, by day and night;
There all examples may be had,——
Yes! all examples of the *bad*.

—

I've read your *first* poetic scroll,
And on it have my judgment past:—
Well, tell me, friend?—Upon my soul,
I think, it should have been your *last*.

Our political Mammoth is noted, at Monticello, for his whimsical plans in architecture, which he is eternally changing, to the astonishment of every traveller, and to the confusion of the carpenters. The ensuing epigram, slightly altered from the original, well describes this capricious humour, and piously wishes for a more judicious alteration than of the size of a door, or the construction of a chimney.

Still restless, still chopping and changing about;
Still enlarging, rebuilding, and making a rout,
Fickle Mammoth, however outre it appear,
Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a year.
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf,
What a pity it is he don't alter himself.

MARTIAL, EPIGRAM 35. BOOK VIII.

Translated.

Pair'd in wedlock, pair'd in life,
Husband suited to thy wife;
Worthless thou, and worthless she,
Strange it is you can't agree.

FROM THE SAME.

Flirtilla says I'm false!—but then you know,
Flirtilla's us'd to say what is not so.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANACREONTIC.

Nature made this world for joy,
Surely not for pain and care;
Laughing loves my thoughts employ,
Not the surly fiend despair.

When a dull philosophy,
Would persuade from bliss to part,
From the stupid lore I fly,
Trusting NATURE and my heart.

And tho' Wisdom's rigid sons,
May my simple heart reprove;
Let them have what pleasure shuns,
Give me music, wine, and love.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MARY.

Ah, Mary, shall thy heart,
Its tenderness disguise?
Or veil that love with art,
Which radiates from thine eyes?

Why, on the lingering night,
When fancy fondly plays,
Chid'st thou the soft delight,
That on thy slumber strays?

Shall *Prudence*, coldly wise,
Expression's power controul;
And check those swelling sighs,
That speak th' impassioned soul?

No, Mary, charming maid,
Ne'er strive from love to flee;
Nor of that be afraid,
Which blest the world with thee.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESSED TO LOUISA.

From whence, Louisa, comes the fire,
That in my bosom glows?
That thus, awakening fond desire,
Forbids my soft repose?

Is it those eyes so keenly bright?
Those cheeks of roseate hue?
That bosom swelling with delight,
To love and nature true?

Is it (for which a saint might sigh,
Which stoic hearts would warm,
And give delight to ev'ry eye)
That love-inspiring form?

Oh, no! 'tis neither form nor face,
That thus enchants my soul:
What heart alone could give such grace?
The charm is in the whole.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MISS ———

ON READING ST. PIERRE'S THEORY OF CONTRASTS.

Mary, it whilom was the rule,
'Mong casuists of the good old school,
That 'ere the solemn bond their *persons* tied,
The maid and man should be in *mind* allied.
St. Pierre the tenet scoffs, and says we find
Souls of *th' extremest contrasts* ever join'd.
Mary, apply the rules to you; and lo!
Your bright perfection is your darkest foe:
If 'till your *like* appear, you tarry,
My lovely friend, you ne'er will marry:
If to your *opposite* consign'd,
You'll wed the *worst of human kind.*

MERCUTIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

COOL REFLECTIONS ON A HOT DAY.

Oh, spare me! spare me Phœbus! if indeed
Thou hast not let another Phæton drive
Earthward thy coursers fierce and fiery car!—
My body is become a steam-engine!—
Mercy! I melt!—I melt!—no tree—no bush
Not e'en a poor musquitoe to disturb
The air, and cool my burning brows, as round
He buzzes!—Not a breath of stirring air,
East, West, or North or South!—Sun! go to bed—
Put on thy night-cap!—crop thy locks of light
And be i' the fashion!—Turn thy back upon us
And let thy beams shoot upward—make it night
Instead of noon!—One little miracle
In pity, gentle Phœbus!—
What a joy,
Oh what a joy to be a seal and flounder
On an ice-land!—or to have a den
With the white bear, covered in polar snow!—
Oh! that each hair upon my head were an icicle,
And each as long as any Chinese queue!—
It were a lux'ry to shake hands with death,—
He has a rare cold hand!—To wrap one's self
In the gift shirt by Deianira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off;—or toast cheese for Beelzebub!
That were a cool employment to a journey
Along a road, whose white intensity
Would make platina uncongealable,
Like quicksilver!—
Wer't midnight I should walk
Self-lanthorn'd, saturate with bright sun-beams,
And I should, like the sea by night, appear,
When by the vessel's bow the waves are split!—
Oh! Gentle Jove! have mercy and once more
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of Heaven,
And when the dog-days burn, then station him
Sweet Jove! right perpendicular to France!—
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roar
For cardimum, and drink down peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay!—
Send Mercury to salivate the sky
Till it dissolve in rain!—Oh gentle Jove
Shew some such little kindness to a wretch
Whose oozing marrow spoils his Sunday coat!—
Send me thine eagle, just to flap his wings
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee
And turn true Pagan!—
Not a cloud, or breeze!
Oh ye most heathen deities! if e'er
My bones reach home, (for fast I feel the flesh
Is leaving them, resolving into dew)
I shall have learnt Owl-wisdom!—Most vile Phœbus!
Set me a Persian sun-idolater
Upon this sandy road, and I'll convert him
With no inquisitorial argument
But thy own fires!—Now, woe be to me wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born!
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach
And burn away the calx of their offences
In that great purgatory crucible.
Help me!—Oh Jupiter! my poor complexion!
I'm made a copper-Indian of already,
And if no kindly cloud will parasol me
I shall be negrofied.—
A brook! a brook!
A fountain!—stream!—a rivulet!—a lake!
Oh! what a sweet cool sound!—'Tis very nectar,
It runs like life thro' ev'ry strengthened limb.

[The following little poem, the offspring of an ardent mind, is inscribed to the romantic lover. *He* will appreciate its value, and associate all the fond images, on which the amorous bard, delights to dwell. In this composition, some will admire the landscape, and others will remember, how precious in the estimation of sensibility, are the *tokens* of affection, the long remembered gifts of the queen of the heart.]

THE KEEP-SAKE.

The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in *one* field
Shew summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
Sheds it's loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath th' upspringing lark,
Or mountain finch alighting: and the rose,
(In vain the darling of successful love),
Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
Nor can I find amid my lonely walk
By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet **forget-me-not*,
That blue and bright-ey'd flow'ret of the brook.
So will not fade the flow'rs, which Emmeline
With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
Has work'd (the flow'rs, which most, she knew, I lov'd)
And more belov'd than all, her auburn hair.
In the cool morning twilight, early wak'd
By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
Leaving the soft bed to her sister,
Softly she rose, and lightly stole along.
Her fair face flushing in the purple dawn,
Adown the meadow, to the woodbine bow'r,
Whose rich flow'rs swinging in the morning breeze
Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
Making a quiet image of disquiet
In the smooth, scarcely-flowing river-pool.
There in that bow'r, where first she own'd her love,
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd
The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name
Between the *moss-rose*, and *forget-me-not*,
Her own dear name with her own auburn hair!
That forc'd to wander, till sweet spring return,
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
Her voice, that even in her mirthful mood
Has made me wish to steal away, and weep,
Nor yet th' entrancement of that maiden kiss
With which she promis'd, that when spring return'd,
She would resign one half of that dear name,
And own henceforth no other name but mine!

AN EPIGRAM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LUCKY FALL.

Two wanton Cupids took their stands
In the large orbs of Lucy's eyes—
A third, with supplicating hands
To gain admission vainly tries.
Fiercely they thrust the rogue away—
When lo! on Lucy's breast he fell;
And nestling there, I heard him say,
"Thanks, friends! THIS suits me quite as well."

BATISTO.

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris; a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole empire of Germany (Vergissmein nicht), and, we believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

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